

The Historie of

Fals. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, tis no matter, Honour prickes me on: yea, but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then? no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word, Honour? Aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme. *Scene 2.* *Exit.*

Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. T'were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not possible, it can not be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faultes;
Supposition, all our liues, shall be sticke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde trick of his ancesters:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily?
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespassse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Hotspur*, gouerned by a spleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption benign from vs.

We.

Henry the fourth.

We as the spring of all, shal pay for all:

Therefore good Coosen, let not *Harry* know

In any case, the offer of the King.

Enter Hotspur

Ver. Deliuer what you wil, Ile say tis so. Here comes you coose

Hot. My Vncle is returnd,

Deliuer vp my Lord of *Westmerland*:

Vncle, What newes?

Wor. The King will bid you Battell presently.

Doug. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmerland*.

Hot. Lord *Douglas*, goe you and tell him so.

Doug. Mary and shall, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our griuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,

By now forswearing that he is forsworne,

He calls vs Rebels, Traytors, and will scourge

With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Doug.*

Doug. Arme Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne

A braue Defiance in King *Henries* teeth;

And *Westmerland* that was ingag'd did beare it,

Which can not chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The *Prince of Wales* slept forth before the King,

And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,

And that no man might draw short breath to day,

But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell mee, tell mee,

How shewd his talking? seemd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer in my life

Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,

Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare

To gentle exercise and prooffe of armes.

He gaue you all the duties of a man,

Trimd vp your prayes with a Princely tongue,

Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,

Making you euer better then his prayse,

By still dispraying prayse, valued with you:

And which became him like a Prince indeed,

He